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AT LAST--THE SPECTACULAR 100TH ISSUE OF--

X-MEN™

X-MAN VS. X-MAN IN A BATTLE TO THE DEATH--BETRAYED BY PROFESSOR X!

Cyclops. Storm. Banshee. Nightcrawler. Wolverine. Colossus. Children of the atom, students of Charles Xavier, MUTANTS——feared and hated by the world they have sworn to protect. These are the STRANGEST heroes of all!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

YOU HEARD *PROFESSOR X*, CREW--THOSE *IMPOSTERS* ARE THE *DEADLIEST* FOES WE'VE EVER FACED...

SO WHAT'RE WE *WAITIN'* FOR, BIRD-BRAIN--? LET'S *WASTE 'EM*--

--AN' LET'S DO IT *NOW!*

LAUGHTER. RICH, MALEVOLENT, ECHOING THRU THE DARKENED CORRIDORS OF *SHIELD'S* LONG-ABANDONED *ORBITAL PLATFORM*--

--THE LAUGHTER OF *STEVEN LANG*, HEAD OF *PROJECT ARMAGEDDON*...THE LAUGHTER OF A MAN WHO'S--

--*WON!* I'VE *WON!*

IN A FEW *MOMENTS*, *X-MAN* WILL BE *KILLING* X-MAN--AND WHEN THIS BATTLE IS DONE, *NO POWER* ON EARTH WILL BE ABLE TO STOP ME FROM ACHIEVING MY *ULTIMATE GOAL*--

--THE EXTERMINATION OF *MUTANTKIND!!*

CHRIS CLAREMONT AUTHOR * *DAVE COCKRUM* ARTIST

ANNETTE K., LETTERER
BONNIE W., COLORIST
MARV WOLFMAN, EDITOR

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO X-MAN..."

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ONCE, THEY HAD ALL BEEN... FRIENDS...

YOU'VE GOT ONE HECK OF A NERVE, BANSHEE!

WHERE DOES A TWO-BIT CROOK LIKE YOU GET OFF CALLING HIMSELF AN X-MAN?

HEADS UP, MIDGET!

LISTEN TO ME, ALL OF YOU--THERE IS NO NEED FOR VIOLENCE!

WE WISH NONE OF YOU ANY HARM--LET US SIT DOWN AND TALK! NIGHTCRAWLER, WE MUST MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND!

IT IS TOO LATE FOR UNDERSTANDING, STORM!

LOOK AT THESE SO-CALLED 'FRIENDS' OF OURS, ACTING MORE LIKE PANICKED HUMANS THAN X-MEN-- LOOK INTO THEIR EYES!

THEY ARE OUT FOR BLOOD, STORM! OUR BLOOD!

SPLOT!

BOOM!

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THIS MADNESS-- NOR WHY YOU SEEK OUR DEATHS A SECOND TIME, HAVOK--

--BUT IF YOU THINK MY COMRADES AND I ARE GOING TO GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT--

--THINK AGAIN!

KILL THE IMPOSTERS, MY X-MEN!

KILL THEM ALL!!

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INDEED, *ONE* OF THEM IS AFTER *ME*.

BEP!

YOU ARE CALLED THE *BEAST*, ARE YOU NOT?

I *RECOGNIZE* YOU FROM SOME OLD *PHOTOGRAPHS*.

BUT I'D THOUGHT YOU'D GONE ALL *HAIRY* AND JOINED THE *AVENGERS*.

YOU *ANTHROPOMORPHIC ELF!* THE BASHFUL BEAST HAS NEVER BEEN *HIRSUTE*...

...AND AS FOR THE *REST*--

THEY THREW YOU *OUT*--?

=ULP.=

SORRY, MY FRIEND--

--BUT SINCE YOU *WILL NOT* COME TO ME, THE BEAST AND HIS *DEXTEROUS DIGITS* MUST OF A SURETY--

COME UP TO YOU!!

HIS SPEED... *AGILITY*... IT IS PHENOMENAL--I HAVE NEVER SEEN THE *LIKE*--

=UNNGHN!=

WOK!

OOPS. SORRY, O DAUNTLESS LEADER--

--IT SEEMS THE FLOOR IS MORE *CROWDED* THAN I'D THOUGHT.

HEY!

CYCLOPS, *WHY* ARE WE FIGHTING AMONG *OURSELVES*? WHAT OF THE THREAT OF *STEVEN LANG*--OF HIS *SENTINELS*?

WAIT... WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR *VISOR*--?

YOU'VE GOT IT *WRONG*, MISTER.

YOU'RE THE THREAT--

--AND *HERE'S* WHERE YOU GET *ELIMINATED!*

NIGHTCRAWLER!
HE TOOK CYKE'S BLAST HEAD ON!
HE'S DOWN-- AN' HE AIN'T MOVIN'!
WORRY ABOUT YOURSELF, FELLA!
ANOTHER SECOND AND YOU'LL BE ON ICE --PERMANENTLY!

WELL, YOU AIN'T GOT THAT SECOND, BUB!
SHAKT!

HEY, NOW, LET'S BE NICE TO THE KID, PINT-SIZE!
HE MAY BE KINDA DUMB AT TIMES...
...BUT WE THINK HE'S LOVEABLE.
PUT ME DOWN, YA FEATHERED CREEP-- OR I'LL CLIP YOUR WINGS FOR GOOD!

THREATS. ALWAYS THREATS.
YOU WANT DOWN, MIDGET--? THEN THE ANGEL WILL BE GLAD TO OBLIGE YOU.
HERE, TINHEAD-- CATCH!
WOLVERINE, NO--! I CANNOT GET OUT OF YOUR WAY IN TIME--!
FLAM!

WOLVERINE--THE HATRED IN HIS VOICE--DID YOU HEAR--?
I HEARD IT, A'READY--
--NOW GET US OUTTA HERE, COLOSSUS --THAT WINGED YO-YO OWES ME A REMATCH!

AS YOU WISH, MY FRIEND...
OKAY, THEN, JUST LIKE WE DID IT IN THE DANGER ROOM--!

THE FASTBALL SPECIAL-- EXECUTE--
--NOW!
WHAT THE--?

THAT LITTLE STUNT IS ALL SHE WROTE, PAL!

AND IF YOU'RE WONDERING WHICH X-MAN HAS THE PLEASURE OF BLASTING YOU FROM HERE TO HADES, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS--

--CRY HAVOK!

I...KNOW WHO YOU ARE... ASSASSIN!

SUCH POWER--I NEVER DREAMED--WERE I HUMAN, THAT BLAST WOULD HAVE BURNED ME TO A CRISP.

BUT EVEN MY ARMORED BODY HAS ITS LIMITS--BY ALL THAT I HOLD DEAR, HE IS CAUSING ME--PAIN!

I CANNOT STAND MUCH MORE OF THIS.

BUT I WILL...STAND, I WILL--I MUST--SURVIVE!

HEAR ME, HAVOK--COLOSSUS IS COMING FOR YOU--

--AND--I--WILL--NOT--BE--STOPPED!

TWICE NOW, YOU HAVE TRIED TO KILL US IN COLD BLOOD--KILL THOSE WHO CALLED YOU COMRADE AND...FRIEND...*

...NO REASON, NO EXPLANATION, NO...MERCY--JUST MAD, UNCONTROLLED BUTCHERY!

YOU ARE BENEATH CONTEMPT!

*ANYONE REMEMBER X-MEN #97? --MARV.

AND COLOSSUS SWEARS THAT FROM THIS DAY FORTH, YOU WILL BUTCHER--

KROM!

--NO MORE!

JEAN GREY'S POWER SEEMS MUCH *WEAKER* THAN USUAL-- I COULD DEAL WITH HER *EASILY,* BUT I CANNOT BRING MYSELF TO *HARM* HER.

I MUST USE *REASON* INSTEAD...

JEAN, *WHY* HAVE YOU TURNED AGAINST YOUR *FRIENDS?*

YOU'RE *NO* FRIEND OF MINE, *WITCH!*

THEN WHAT OF THE *HOURS* WE'VE SPENT TOGETHER-- THE CONFIDENCES WE'VE *SHARED--?*

LIAR!

I DON'T KNOW YOU! NEVER *TALKED* TO YOU, NEVER SHARED A *CONFIDENCE!*

IT'S A *CHEAP SHOT,* LADY, AND IT WON'T WORK!

HOW CAN YOU DENY THE *TRUTH*--AND WITH SUCH *HATRED--?*

HOW COULD YOUR *BRIEF CAPTIVITY* HAVE MADE YOU SO UNLIKE *YOURSELF* ...UNLESS...

...YOU'RE *NOT* YOUR...'SELF' AT ALL... YOUR *TRUE* SELF.

OF COURSE, THAT *MUST* BE IT! *YOU'RE* THE IMPOST--

AARRRGH!

BROK!

BEAUTIFUL MOVE, LORNA.

I KEPT THIS "STORM" CHARACTER *OCCUPIED* WHILE YOU SLIPPED IN AND LET HER HAVE IT WITH A *MAGNETIC FORCE BLAST.*

AND NOW THAT THE LADY'S DOWN AND *HELPLESS--*

--LET'S *FINISH* HER!

LEGS... *PINNED* UNDER THE DEBRIS... CAN'T PULL *FREE...*

NO CHANCE FOR... *ESCAPE...*

NO CHANCE AT ALL...

EFFEE

MARVEL GIRL--! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED FROM BEHIND!

BUT WHO--?!

IT'S THE *BANSHEE*--USING HIS *SONIC POWERS* TO DRIVE US AWAY FROM *STORM!*

COME ON, LORNA--LET'S GET BACK TO THE *OTHERS.*

THESE IMPOSTERS *BARELY HELD* US THIS TIME--ANOTHER ATTACK WILL *FINISH* THEM.

AYE, LADIES, RUN BACK T'YER *HIDEY-HOLES*...

...AN' WHILE YE'RE *RUNNIN'*, THANK THE LORD THAT THE BANSHEE DOESN'T HOLD WITH *KILLIN'!*

COLOSSUS, MY *LEG*--!

DON'T BE *AFRAID*, STORM--I WILL HAVE YOU FREE IN A *MOMENT.*

AND THEY'LL BE ON *TOP* OF US IN *ANOTHER* MOMENT.

OUR *ONLY* CHANCE IS TO FIGHT AS A *TEAM*, AN'...

AN' WHERE THE BLAZES HAS *WOLVERINE* GOT TO!?!

I'M *OVER HERE*, IRISH--AN' I'M HEADIN' FOR THE *TOP MAN!*

XAVIER!

THE WOLVERINE'S *CALLIN'* YOU *OUT*, BUB!

I'M BURNIN' ON A *SHORT FUSE*, CHROME-DOME, SO YOU GOT ABOUT *THREE SECONDS* TO MAKE WITH THE *ANSWERS.*

OR *ELSE.*

YOUR THREATS DO NOT *IMPRESS* ME, WOLVERINE.

IN FACT, *VERY LITTLE* ABOUT YOU IMPRESSES ME.

HOLY--!

ONE OF MY *MINDBLASTS* HAS THE POWER TO *SHRIVEL* YOU WHERE YOU *STAND*, LITTLE MAN...

...BUT MY *FIST* CONTAINS ALL THE POWER YOU *DESERVE!*

POW!

ON YOUR *FEET*, MY FRIEND. I WANT THE *SATISFACTION* OF KNOCKING YOU DOWN *AGAIN*.

NICE PUNCH, PROF--I'LL GIVE YA THAT...

...BUT I AIN'T GOIN' DOWN A *SECOND* TIME.

ON THE *CONTRARY*, WOLVERINE! YOU *ARE* GOING DOWN.

ONLY YOU *WON'T* BE GETTING UP AGAIN-- *EVER!*

GOOD GIRL, JEAN-- THIS ARROGANT FOOL HASN'T A CHANCE AGAINST YOUR *MENTAL POWERS*.

LORD... MY BRAIN... FEELS LIKE IT'S *BURNIN'*--CAN'T *THINK* FOR THE PAIN--

--ONLY MY *INSTINCTS* LEFT TO... GUIDE ME...

YEAH... MY INSTINCTS... MY... *SENSES*...

IT WON'T BE *LONG* NOW, PROFESSOR.

RIGHT... *THERE*, LADY...

...ONLY YOU GOT IT *BACKWARDS*... JUS' COULDN'T *SEE* 'TIL NOW...

Y'SEE, FOLKS, I'M LIKE AN *ANIMAL*--

--I DON'T KNOW FROM *FACES*.

I KNOW FROM *SCENTS*, VOICES... *FEELINGS*...

I *ALSO* KNOW JEAN GREY.

AN', LADY, WHATEVER YOU *ARE*--

--YOU *AIN'T* JEAN GREY!!

THERE ISN'T EVEN TIME FOR A SCREAM.

LENIN'S GHOST... NO...

WOLVERINE--YE BLOODY HOMICIDAL MANIAC--

WHAT HAVE YE *DONE*?!

COMPUTER, SHIFT TO CAMERA 3, *IMMEDIATELY*!

I MUST SEE WHAT'S *HAPPENING*.

DONE? I'VE MET THE ENEMY, BUB--

AN' THEY AIN'T US.

HOW..?!?

BY ALL THAT'S HOLY--

HOW COULD THIS BE!?!

MY X-SENTINELS WERE A STROKE OF GENIUS, THE ULTIMATE IN ANTI-MUTANT TECHNOLOGY--

THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN UNBEATABLE!

"THEY HAD THEIR OWN PLANS FOR YOU MUTANTS. THEY OFFERED ME MONEY, MATERIEL, ALL THE HELP I NEEDED...

"MY POSITION GAVE ME ACCESS TO LARRY TRASK'S UPSTATE NEW YORK BASE--AND ALL HIS NOTES. IT WAS THERE THAT I BECAME CONVINCED THAT MUTANTS WERE A THREAT TO HUMANITY.

"I DETERMINED TO DEAL WITH THAT THREAT, AND SO BECAME INVOLVED WITH THE COUNCIL OF THE CHOSEN.

"NEVER REALIZING THAT I PLANNED TO BETRAY THEM.

THE NEW X-MEN SHOULD HAVE DIED--NOT MY SENTINELS--

--AND THE X-MEN WILL DIE, FOR THIS GAME IS FAR FROM OVER.

"YOU ALL LOOK SURPRISED. YOU SHOULDN'T BE. MY GOAL HAS ALWAYS BEEN NOT THE INVESTIGATION OF MUTANTKIND--BUT ITS TOTAL, COMPLETE EXTERMINATION!

"I BEGAN QUIETLY ENOUGH, THAT'S TRUE...

"...HEAD OF A GOVERNMENT PROJECT THAT WAS TRYING TO DETERMINE WHY MUTANTS EXIST.

"THEY WANTED TO CONTROL MUTANTKIND--AND MUTANT POWERS--FOR THEIR OWN BENEFIT. I SIMPLY WANTED YOU ALL DEAD.

"AND BY WHAT MORE IRONIC MEANS THAN THE X-SENTINELS--?"

--USING MUTANTKIND'S STRONGEST DEFENDERS AS THEIR EXECUTIONERS!

AND WHO BETTER FOR THE X-SENTINELS' FIRST VICTIMS THAN THE REAL X-MEN?

STILL, ONE DEFEAT DOESN'T MEAN THE WAR IS... EH?!?

LORD, THE NEGA-TUBE-- IT-- IT'S GLOWING WHITE-HOT!

RRAK

DR. LANG--

--I THINK YOU'VE SAID ENOUGH!

OH, MY GOD.

LIBERATION DAY, FOLKS-- EVERYBODY OUT!

FRAK!

PROFESSOR X--

NOT TO WORRY, MS. GREY, I'LL CATCH HIM.

--HE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS!

LEAVING SO SOON, LANG? THAT'S AWFULLY RUDE OF YOU...

...BUT THEN, WHAT ELSE CAN YOU EXPECT FROM A MURDERING COWARD?

SKOW!

COWARD--?! YOU DARE CALL ME COWARD?!

I'M A MAN, CYCLOPS--

--WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU'LL EVER BE, YOU MUTANT SWINE!

D'YOU HEAR ME, HOMO-SO-CALLED SUPERIOR?! A MAN!

I'M BETTER THAN ANY OF YOU, BETTER THAN ALL OF YOU!

AND NOW THAT I'VE REACHED MY FLYING GUNSHIP, I'LL PROVE IT!

YOU'RE NOT PROVING A THING, LANG, EXCEPT HOW SICK AND TWISTED YOU ARE INSIDE!

SKRAZ!

I'VE FOUGHT A LOT OF VILLAINS IN MY TIME, MISTER--

--BUT UNTIL I MET YOU, I NEVER HATED BEFORE.

YOU'D HOUND US WITHOUT MERCY, EXTERMINATE US--

--FOR NO OTHER REASON THAN THAT WE'RE DIFFERENT FROM YOUR CONCEPTION OF HUMANITY!

JUST WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?!

AND FOR YOUR INFORMATION, DR. LANG--

--YOU WON'T BE KILLING ANYONE TODAY.

MY CONTROLS-- THEY'RE MOVING BY THEMSELVES.

GOT TO TRY TO BREAK FREE, GET AWAY BEFORE I'M CAPTURED!

I CAN DO IT--I'M A MAN--MY WILL IS STRONGER THAN ANY MUTANT WITCH'S.

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS HIT FULL POWER ON THE THRUSTERS...

OH, NO! THE CONTROLS ARE JAMMED--I CAN'T TURN--!

HELP ME, SOMEBODY--X-MEN, HELP ME! I'M HEADING RIGHT FOR THE SCREEN!

I'M GOING TO--

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CRASH!

COMRADES, I'VE FOUND THEM! AND THEY STILL LIVE!

THEN QUIT JABBERIN', COLOSSUS, AN' LET'S GET 'EM OUTTA HERE. THIS WHOLE SECTION O' THE SPACE PLATFORM'S ABLAZE, AN' THE FIRE'S SPREADIN'.

LANG'S FREEBOOTIN' GOONS HAVE ALREADY EVACUATED IN RE-ENTRY LIFEBOATS--WE'RE THE ONLY PEOPLE LEFT.

AN' WE'RE ABOARD A STATION THAT COULD BLOW ITSELF T'BITS ANY MINUTE NOW!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THE FIRE'S ALMOST REACHED THE HYPERGOLIC FUEL CELLS, DR. CORBEAU--

--WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME.

WRONG, CYCLOPS. WE HAVE ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD.

'CAUSE WE'RE SURE NOT GOING ANYWHERE--AT LEAST IN THIS CRATE.

THE FLIGHT CONTROL COMPUTER MUST'VE GOTTEN SLAGGED DURING OUR LITTLE FRACAS WITH THE SENTINELS*--AND WITHOUT IT, WE'RE AS GOOD AS FINISHED.

WHAT ABOUT A MANUAL RE-ENTRY?

*LAST ISH. --MARV.

WHAT ABOUT IT, WOLVERINE?

IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED...

...WE'VE GOT A THUMPING GREAT HOLE IN THE SHUTTLE'S HULL, AND--THANKS AGAIN TO THE SENTINELS--NO FUNCTIONAL PRESSURE SUITS.

BUT THAT'S THE LEAST OF OUR PROBLEMS.

ICH... VERST'HEN, HERR DOKTOR...

...THE SOLAR FLARE.

SURE, I CAN FLY A RE-ENTRY, NO SWEAT, BUT I WOULDN'T LAST THIRTY SECONDS IN THAT FLARE.

YOU GOT IT, NIGHTCRAWLER. THE WORST FLARE IN YEARS. THE COMPUTER WAS SUPPOSED TO FLY US THROUGH IT WHILE WE SAT SAFE-AND-SOUND IN THE SHUTTLE'S SHIELDED 'LIFE-CELL.'

ONLY WE HAVE NO COMPUTER.

ONE OF YOU MIGHT SURVIVE THE FLARE, BUT YOU CAN'T PILOT THE SHUTTLE WE NEED SOMEONE WHO CAN DO BOTH, AND THERE'S NO SUCH ANIMAL.

WRONG, DR. CORBEAU...

...I CAN DO BOTH.

ARE YOU CRAZY, JEAN--?

SINCE WHEN ARE YOU A QUALIFIED ASTRONAUT?

SINCE NOW.

HOLD STILL, DOCTOR, THIS WILL ONLY HURT A LITTLE.

I'M A TELEPATH, SCOTT, REMEMBER? I CAN ABSORB ALL DR. CORBEAU KNOWS ABOUT FLYING THE SPACE SHUTTLE. I WON'T BE A GREAT PILOT, BUT I'LL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO GET US DOWN.

AND HOW WILL YOU SURVIVE THE SOLAR FLARE, YOU LITTLE--!

MY TELE-KINETIC POWERS WILL SCREEN OUT THE HARMFUL RADIATION-- I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

FOR HOW LONG--?! EVEN YOUR POWER CAN'T HANDLE THAT MUCH--

UNNNGNH!

PERHAPS NOT--

--BUT IT CAN DO THIS.

TAKE HIM AFT TO THE LIFE-CELL, BANSHEE.

YE HIT HIM PRETTY HARD, LASSIE.

I MEANT TO.

BY THE TIME HE WAKES UP, WE'LL BE COMMITTED.

NICE SHOT, LADY--YOU BUCKIN' FOR *MARTYR O' THE YEAR* OR SOMETHIN'?

MAKE IT QUICK, WOLVERINE--I'M *BUSY.*

WHAT'RE YA TRYIN' TA *PROVE*--THAT YOU'RE AS *GOOD AN' NOBLE* AS BIG DADDY *X?* IT'S *SUICIDE,* JEANNIE!

THE NAME IS *JEAN,* MISTER--AND I HAVE JUST ABOUT *HAD IT* WITH YOU!

I HAVE *TRIED* TO LIKE YOU, WOLVERINE--OBNOXIOUS LITTLE *UPSTART* THAT YOU ARE--BUT FOR THE *LIFE* OF ME, I DON'T KNOW WHY I MADE THE *EFFORT!*

SO SHUT YOUR *MOUTH,* AND GET INTO THE LIFE CELL--*NOW!* --BEFORE I LOSE MY *TEMPER!*

JEAN...

NOT YOU, TOO, ORORO--I COULDN'T *BEAR* IT.

LOOK, *I* HAVE THE BEST CHANCE OF *SURVIVAL*--THAT'S IT, *PURE AND SIMPLE.*

IT'S *ME*--OR IT'S *NONE* OF US.

THEN--MAY THE GODS *PROTECT* YOU, JEAN GREY.

THANK YOU, ORORO.

A LAST *FAVOR,* MY FRIEND...?

WOULD YOU... TELL *SCOTT...*

...TELL HIM I *LOVED* HIM.

OKAY, LADY, IT'S TIME TO DO YOUR *STUFF...*

...NAMELY, *SEALING* THE HULL TELE-KINETICALLY WITH THIS PIECE OF *WRECKAGE.*

--AND AWAY WE GO.

RCS TO TWENTY PERCENT *REAR THRUST*--AND WE SLIDE *FREE* OF THE STATION, EASY AS *PIE.*

I'M SURE *GLAD* THEY BUILT THIS BIRD TO TAKE *PUNISHMENT*--LOOKS LIKE ITS *COLLISION* WITH THE STATION DIDN'T EVEN SCRATCH THE *PAINT.*

UNITED STATES

STARCORE

USA

ENOUGH *MUSING,* JEAN, LOVE--THE LIFE-CELL WAS DESIGNED TO TAKE A *LOT* OF RADIATION, BUT IN A FLARE LIKE THIS, ALL BETS ARE *OFF.* THE SOONER WE'RE ON EARTH, THE *BETTER.*

"ACCORDING TO *STAR-CORE*, THE FLARE'S A *MINUTE* AWAY--AND IT'LL BE A *HALF-HOUR* AT LEAST BEFORE WE'RE *SAFE*.

"LORD, I'M SCARED...

"...I DON'T WANT TO *DIE*..."

SCOTT, *NO!* IF YOU OPEN THE LIFE-CELL, YOU'LL *KILL US ALL!*

LET ME GO, BLAST YOU!

LET ME *GO* TO HER BEFORE IT'S *TOO LATE*.

IT'S...*ALREADY* TOO LATE, MY FRIEND.

PLEASE, KURT--I *BEG* YOU...

...PLEASE...

TWENTY-SEVEN MINUTES TO *EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE*.

NOT *LONG* AT ALL.

JUST THE *REST* OF MY LIFE.

CORBEAU WASN'T *KIDDING* ABOUT THIS FLARE--IT'S BARELY *HERE* AND ITS ALREADY PUSHING MY POWERS TO THE *LIMIT*.

ONLY *CONSOLATION* IS THAT EVEN *COLOSSUS* WOULDN'T HAVE SURVIVED *THIS LONG*.

SO *HOLD ON*, JEAN--FOR THE *LOVE* OF ALL YOU HOLD *DEAR*--

..*HOLD ON!*

TWENTY...MINUTES TO...GO...

...BUT *STRAIN*... CAN'T TAKE MUCH...

TAC

OH, NO.

MY SCREEN'S STARTING TO *GIVE WAY!*

TAC TACATAC

THE FLARE--THE *RADIATION*--IT'S STARTING TO GET *THRU!*

SCOTT!!

TAC

TAC A TAC TAC A

TAC A T

TA

TO BE CONCLUDED...